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The EXAMINER.

From Friday *March* 13, to Monday *March* 16, 1712.

Insanit amoribus. ——— Horace.
———Ξηλήμονές εἰσι Γυναῖκες. Musæus.

WHEN I find my self disposed to give the *Whigs* some good Advice, and to wish they had so much consideration as might serve to Insure, what I know they have a passionate Regard for, their own Interest; I often reflect, with a good deal of serious Pity for them, how truly Wretched and Forlorn they must of necessity be, if the same causeless Fears and Jealousies, which they are now so busie in Fomenting, and have so unjustly conceiv'd against the Government, were brought home to their own Houses, and carried into all the Circumstances of Domestick Life. They would find trouble enough with those Clamours and Intestine Broils, which their most approved *Operators* in Mischief have, with so much Malice, promoted in the State, and with so much Pleasure accomplish'd; by arming a misguided *Faction* against a mild forbearing Government; to whose Justice they are Debtors, and Reprobates to their Mercy. Had any of them a *Child*, well Disciplin'd in the Arts of *Resistance* and Disobedience, and heartily inclin'd to *Family Revolutions*; or a *Wife* teeming with Discontent, suspicious and ungovernable, continually tugging for Dominion, loud and petulant, uneasie under the Duty of Subjection, capable of improving the modish Returns of Spleen and Ill-nature into Stratagem and Artifice, and who perfectly understood the Advantages that might be made of an honest Husband's Sincerity, Affection, Indulgence, Truth, and other Conjugal Vertues; it is highly probable a gentle Course of these *Economical Amusements* would give them such a Diversion, as might in time work a Cure upon the Itch of *Parties*, the Impertinence of Dabbling in State-Affairs; and entirely draw them off from any Excursions in Politicks. The *Publick* being a *large Family*, and often represented to us under that lively Image, I think I cannot more justly expose those Suspicions and Jealousies, with which they would Embarass the Administration, and Poison the Minds of our People, than by borrowing their own noisie Proofs and windy way of Reasoning, and trying them upon Domestick Affairs; only to see, whether the same Entercourses which, in the usual Forms of *Modern Dialogue* between Subjects and Superiors, must pass for the Language of Good-will and Affection, at least on the Subjects side; may not, when put into the Mouth of a Wife, by way of Remonstrance or Complaint against her Husband, appear to be intolerably Vexatious and Undutiful? The Persons I design to introduce shall bear a considerable Character, that the Extravagance of the Humour may shew the better.

The Reader will only be pleased to imagine, that *Sir Charles* ———, an easie, constant, faithful, discreet Husband, encountred one Evening with his Dear *Lady Frances*, a haughty, imperious, restless, jealous, aspiring Wife, in some retired Walk or Solitude, where they entertain'd one another in the following manner; having happily made choice of a Place, equally fit for *Duelling* or *Love*.

Lady *Fr.* Never think to clear your self with me.——In short, Sir *Charles!* I'll be fool'd no longer.——I know that intolerable Blowse, Lady *Termagant*, has your Heart——Nothing is reserved for me, but the *Bodkin* or *Pacifick Dose:* And then she becomes sole Mistress of your *Person* and *Fortune*; whirls her Chariot over my Grave; and the *Torch*, that was lighted at my *Funeral*, is to guide her to your *Embraces*.

Sir *Ch.* Oh, my *Dear!* There are flagrant Proofs, which I know you can produce, of my Passion for that *Romp.*——She was the entire Ruin of a near Relation of ours, whom I truly loved; and, as you often tell me, to a degree of Fondness.—— How many endearing Returns have I since made her for that Favour?——I have loath'd her to a Suspicion of my Humanity:——Have pursued her with *Law-Suits* through all the *Courts*, these *Twenty Years*:——Have engaged in about some *nine Duels* with those who bullied me with her Reputation.——I scarce suffer one of her *Liveries* in my sight:——Give *Salleries* to People to *Lampoon* her; and am glad to *Tolerate* a parcel of *Strolling Hags* under my Nose, rather than that *Overgrown Procuress* should have any Business near me.

L. *F.* Meer Grimace and Artifice!——Don't I know you are at this very time *Kept* by her?

Sir *C.* So far from it, Child! that I have spent *Thousands* to reduce her to Rags and Infamy.——I have *Mortgaged* an Estate, that I won by the *Law* from her *Family*, on purpose to accomplish her Ruin.——The Duce a *Piece* would she give me, if I wanted it, unless it came convey'd in a *Dose* of *Poison*, or could be deliver'd as a *Token*, by the Hands of a Crew of *Ruffians*.

L. *F.* I protest, Sir *Charles!* her *Assurance* has infected you.——Can you deny, that you receive *Presents* from her?——You have at this very time some of her filthy *Trinkets* about you.

Sir *C.* Really, my *Love!* the Experiment might be diverting, if the Humour were not so very Stale and Threadbare:——Do'nt you remember, the last time I stood *Search*, how you mistook a *Snuff-Box* for a *Tweezer-Case*, a pair of *Shooe-Buckles* for a *Diamond-Cross*; positively told me, that I had stollen a *Handkerchief* from her, tho' you saw by the *Mark* it was worn by my *Great Grandmother*; and had almost perswaded me, that the *Letters* you snatch'd from me were her *Handwriting*, when the *Date* of them was older than the *Register* of her Nativity.

L. *F.* Will you face me down, that you did not lately consent to meet some of her *Friends*, in order to a Reconciliation?

Sir *C.* I saw no Body, but a *First Cozen* of hers, who came about a Reference——By the same Token you were at that very time teazing me, to be *Bail* for her *Elder Brother*, without any other Security but his Word and Honour.

L. *F.* This is fine!—Instead of justifying your self, you would accuse me.——You know, when she visited in our *Family*, at the time you Courted me:——I did then———

Sir *C.* All you could to be well with her: But I bore up against her in her highest Pride; routed her at all the *Assemblies* and *Tea-Tables* in Town; exposed her for her *Vanity*, *Affectation*, *Falshood* and *Coquetry*; drove her into a *necessary Retirement*, and thought I had been enough happy, in rescuing you from her pernicious Friendship.

L. *F.* Sir *Charles!* You snap one up very oddly!—Tell me, has it not been my constant Care these *Three Years*, to watch you and your *Odious Fellows*, on purpose to prevent a secret Correspondence?——Your *Chaplain*, your *Steward*, your *Bailiff*, your *Lawyer*, and most of your *Tenants*, I know, hate me; and expect to find their Account in siding with my *Rival*.

Sir *C.* Certainly, my *Dear!* their Obligations to Lady *Termagant* are infinitely engaging.——She Threatens, whenever she comes, to pull my *Chaplain's Gown* over his Ears; to burn my *Steward's Acquittances*; indict my *Bailiff* for *Murder*; toss my *Lawyer* over the *Bar*, and *Eject* one half of my *Tenants*.——These are winning Endearments; and must infallibly advance her Interest among all my Servants.

L. *F.* I suppose, *Sir!* I am to be outbrav'd too, in that ugly Business at my *Sister's* in the *North*, about Three Years ago; when your *Minx* sent the *Young Rake* her *Bully*, upon an Impudent Visit to that Family, only to set us at Variance.

Sir *Ch.* Ah, Child! If thou would'st be so good to let me into the Secret?—You and your Minions were deep in that Affair.—Don't you remember, what a vile Crew of People I had then about me?—I am some Hundreds the worse for them.—I kept a *Coachman* to overturn me, a *Bailiff* to sell me, a *Banker* to buy me, and a *Porter* to keep me in custody.—My *Huntsman* was in with all the *Poachers* and *Dear-stealers* in the Country: My *Clerk* gave out Licences for *tearing Hedges*

and *Stealing Poultry!* The *Parſon* of my Pariſh made *Thieving* a *Scruple* of Conſcience: My *Court-keeper* gave *Charges* againſt *Fealty* and *Homage*: *Sarah* my *Chamber-Maid* ſold my *Linnen*, before it was made up; and my *Steward*, upon this occaſion, doubled all their Wages for their *good Services*. — When I began to look about me, then the young Rake was ſent for: — You know, the Relations that *ſome* of *my People* had in his Family. — I paid the Charges of his Journey; and when they thought they had frighted me ſufficiently with his coming over, they ſent him back again at my Expence; having, as they imagin'd, convinc'd me, that they were neceſſary Evils I could not be without; and that no Body had a Right to govern me, but themſelves. —— Even Lady *Termagant* pity'd me, and cried for Vexation to ſee me ſo accompliſh'd a *Bubble*, when every *Sharper* about Town could have a Share in me but her Self.

L. *F.* Here's my poor Nephew *George!* —— I know you deſign to diſinherit him, only becauſe I love him and take his Part.

Sir *C.* Have I not put it out of my Power? —— I am ſure, you tell me ſo. ——— I cut off the Entail: Gave you my *Will*: Left it in the Hands of your own *Lawyers*: Order'd them to *draw it* as firm as they could; and made your old Friend and Intimate *Will Squob*, ſole *Truſtee* and *Executor*.

L. *F.* But would not let him enter upon the Premiſſes at Diſcretion?

Sir *C.* Right, Child! ——— *George* will thank me for that, when he knows the *Law* as well as I do. — I have no reaſon to ſuſpect his Love to me: — He'll find I only deſign to leave him the Eſtate free of all *Incumbrances*: Nor can I doubt his Diſcretion and good Management; — eſpecially if he happens to marry into your *Ladyſhip's* Family.

L. *F.* I hate your ugly *Banter*. ——— *George* has Gratitude: — He will know, that all he has was a *Free-gift*, and came by me.

Sir *C.* I profeſs, Dearee! You are a profound Caſuiſt. —— If it be a *Free-gift*, was it not my Goodneſs to *make Over* all, without a Power to *Reſcind?* ——— If it be an *Inheritance*, he has it in his *own Right*, without either of Us; and may thank my *Great Grandfather*, whom you have often call'd *Son of a* ———: I bluſh to name it.

L. *F.* I have nothing to ſay to your *Anceſtors*, Sir *Charles*.

Sir *C.* I know it very well, Child! ——— You have torn my *Pedigree*, and diſigur'd almoſt every *Picture* in my Family; and yet are every Day ſending me to my Fathers. ——— When I talk of *Dying for you*, don't you ſeem ready to take me at my Word; and can hardly ſay a *civil Thing*, without a little Whine upon *Mortality?* ——— I am inform'd, at this very time you have beſpoke *Will Squob* for your *Second*. ——— You ſend him an Account of my *Age* every *Poſt*, how I ſleep, and what my *Phyſicians* ſay. ——— There's not a Fit of the Gout falls on me, of which he has not a full and compleat Journal. ——— I wiſh his Reſpect for my *Widow* and my *Aſſets* does not ſpoil his being a good *Guardian* to Baby *George*. ——— Prithee tell me: Would you not be very glad, my *Dear*, to preſent him with your *Thumb-Ring*, and the additional Ornaments of a *Lock of my Hair* and a *Death's Head?*

L. *F.* Lord! How you talk, Sir *Charles!* — Not but I love Baby *George* very well: — I wiſh you had not the ſame Paſſion for Lady *Termagant*.

Sir *C.* What more of the Jealous Fit ſtill? —— I hate her.

L. *F.* She ſays, no.

Sir *C.* Have you not caught her in a thouſand Falſhoods?

L. *F.* You do ſee her ſometimes?

Sir *C.* Never, but by *Proxy*; let the Buſineſs be never ſo urgent.

L. *F.* You write to her?

Sir *C.* Yes: *Warrants* to take her up, or *Orders* to my *Attorney* to Proſecute her.

L. *F.* Did you not bow to her once at *Church?*

Sir *C.* She ſtands Indicted for never coming near it.

L. *F.* As I live, I ſaw her there my ſelf, and was a Witneſs to the Reſpect you paid her.

Sir *C.* You miſtake: — 'Twas my *Mother* in *Diſabilee*.

L. *F.* I have a hundred Witneſſes to prove it upon you: —— My Man *Gilbert* ſhall make Oath of it.

Sir *C.* What, without reſerve? —— Thoſe Fellows, when they are out of my Service, and never come near me, pretend to know all my Secrets: —— Should I take them in again, they'll Swear it was a Miſtake.

L. *F.* Still I am not ſatisfy'd.

Sir *C.* And would you have me ſatisfie you?

L. *F.* Why not?

Sir *C.* No: I'll not diſoblige you.

L. *F.* Not diſoblige me?

Sir *C.* Ay: —— For I know you do not deſign to be ſatisfy'd.

L. *F.* Swear, you'll never ſee her more.

Sir *C.* I will. ——— By all ———

L. *F.* Hold; —— You ſhall not: — Love has a thouſand *Indulgencies* for Perjury.

Sir *C.* Do you think them valid?

L. *F.* Provoking Monſter!

Sir *C.* Of your making! —— You have ſet me with my *Head downwards*.

L. *F.* You would have me be your Slave.

Sir *C.* And to prevent me, you'll make your ſelf my Tyrant.

L. *F.* Nay, if you break your Part of the *Contract*, —

Sir *C.* Which cannot hold a Month, if you are to judge when it is broken.

L. *F.* I leave the World to Judge.

Sir *C.* What World? —— All, who are already on your ſide?

L. *F.* Shall Lady *Termagant* be Judge?

Sir *C.* No: —— Her firſt Demand is, to have me part with my *Senſes*.

L. *F.* You ſpeak Truth, if you knew how to apply it.

Sir *C.* I apply it to you, who make me the very ſame Propoſal.

L. *F.* My Honour obliges me to reſcue you.

Sir *C.* And your Intereſt to ſuſpect me.

L. *F.* You'd give the World to be reconcil'd to me.

Sir *C.* Shall I propoſe an able *Go-between?*

L. *F.* Who is it?

Sir *C.* Your Underſtanding.

L. *F.* Do but convince it.

Sir *C.* Lady *Termagant* ſhall.

L. *F.* Intolerable!

Sir *C.* She has exactly your Humours: — Now judge, if they can Charm me.

L. *F.* This to a Wife?

Sir *C.* Why ſhould I wander, when changing won't relieve me?

L. *F.* I ſhall hate and loath you, and never more come near your Bed.

Sir *C.* You ought to keep your Word for your own ſake: ——— The Experiment would clear me to your Jealouſie.

L. *F.* How ſo?

Sir *C.* Becauſe all the *Surgeons* ſay, Lady *Termagant* has never been *Sound* ſince ſhe was *Fifteen*.

L. *F.* Vices are Charms to a debauch'd Taſte.

Sir *C.* Yours will ever be an Exception to that Maxim.

L. *F.* My greateſt is, Love.

Sir *C.* And to prove it, you plague me Eternally.

L. *F.* Make me eaſie then.

Sir *C.* I cannot, without your own Conſent.

L. *F.* I give it you freely.

Sir *C.* Then name the Terms.

L. *F.* Will you grant them?

Sir *C.* Not before I know them.

L. *F.* I only deſire to take all your Cares and Troubles upon my ſelf: —— Will this convince you of my Love?

Sir *C.* Thou dear Softneſs! —— You are now truly Engaging.

L. *F.* Let me but put a *new Sett* of Servants, of my own Chuſing, into your Family, and hang up ſome of the *old Ones*: —— *Receive* and *Pay* all: —— Lett your *Farms*: —— Keep your *Courts*, and have the *Kitchen*, *Cellar*, *Dairy*, *Dog-kennel*, *Stable*, *Park*, *Manor* and *Demeſnes*, all at my diſpoſal; and if after this you hear the Name of *Termagant* come from my Lips, I'll be content to ſend for her my ſelf, and with my own Hands put you to Bed together.

Sir *C.* Why then my *Dear*! you are certainly the moſt obliging Creature upon Earth. — Would you, for my ſake, undergo all this Trouble? — What if I ſhorten'd the Account, for your own eaſe; and made but one General Article, without Exception; — To let you do whatever you pleas'd? — Might I not on this Condition depend on you for leave to *Live* or *Sleep* all Day in my great *Elbow-Chair*.

L. *F.* Oh for that, Sweet-heart! I am not ſo ſtubborn, nor adhere ſo cloſely to the *Letter* of a *Treaty*, but I can liſten with Patience to any reaſonable *Equivalent*.

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